

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*,
And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?
Tush, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.

Lewis. Welcome *Queene Margaret*, to the Court of France,
It fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and heere I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
and beate proud *Edward* from his vsurped seate,
and place King *Henry* in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maiesty,
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwick.

Lewis. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefest friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France?

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnesse and vnfained loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amity,
And lastly to confirme that amity
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire sister,
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

Qu. And if this go forward, all our hope is done.

War. And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kisse your hand, and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my Soueraignes heart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queen.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Queen. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answere *Warwicke* or his words,
For he it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

War. Iniurious *Margaret*.

Prince Edw. And why not *Queene*?

War. Because thy father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince then she is *Queene*.

Ox. Then *Warwicke* disanuls great *John of Gaunt*,
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spaine*,
And after *John of Gaunt*, wife *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world.
and after this wise Prince *Henry* the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*,
From these our *Henry* is lineally descent.

War. Oxford, how haps that in this smoothe discourse,
You told not how *Henry* the sixt had lost
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.

Methinkes these Peeres of *France* should smile at that,
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree

Of threescore and two yeares, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why, *Warwicke*, canst thou deny thy King,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and eight yeares,
and bewray thy treasons with a blush?

War. Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Ambray Vere* was done to death,
And more then so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,

When age did call him to the doore of death?
No *Warwicke*, no, whilst life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the house of *Yorke*.

K. Lewis. *Queene Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,

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